

WHO'S WHO?

BY HUGO ST. FINSTERRE, M. D.

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CHAPTER XIII.
A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

The description given me by Tom Discoe was sufficient to locate the old stone structure where I had agreed to meet him and Jake Huke. It was on the right in going to the Palisades, was reached by a plainly marked path, and near enough to the highway to be perceived during the daytime.

Situated among the trees, which at this season were in full bloom, it would not be visible at night. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, for me to find it but for the fact that when I strolled just some time before I was led by a natural curiosity to scrutinize it minutely. My memory of places has always been good, and I felt little fear of a mistake.

I was fairly beyond the suburbs of Englewood, with the houses becoming few and widely separated, and was walking at a moderate pace, for there was plenty of time at command. Frequently I turned my head, wood still and listened. Now that the drama had opened I could not free myself of a vague fear that Corey Coon had managed to outwit me and was shadowing my movements.

It was when this feeling was the strongest that I made the disquieting discovery of which I have spoken.

Somebody was following me. At the moment of turning my head an obscuring mass of drifting vapor passed from before the bright moon, whose rays flooded the earth. The lighting up of the landscape showed me the outlines of a man in the path walking in the same direction with myself.

There was the possibility that he was an individual who held no interest in me. He might be on his way to visit a neighbor or some one taking the stroll for his own pleasure.

All this was possible, but the action of the stranger shut out such a comforting conclusion. He must have possessed keen eyes, for hardly had I stopped in my walk when he did the same.

Thus two men, separated by more than 100 yards, stood as motionless as statues, peering at each other through the gloom.

Suddenly the shadowy figure began to grow misty and uncertain. It flickered and danced in an odd way and then vanished altogether. Another cloud had so veiled the moon that darkness enveloped the stranger.

The observation was only for a few seconds, when the vagrant light glided off and the earth was bathed again in silvery light.

I had not stirred in my position, but was still trying to pierce the darkness, waiting for my man to lean out to view. But he did not. The place which had so lately known him knew him no longer. He had taken advantage of the temporary deepening of gloom to slip out of sight.

"Maybe he is a country man, who was so startled by my stoppage and turning around that he did not know how to elude over the fence and hid. And yet I suspect that fellow is Corey Coon, though how he got on my track passes my comprehension."

Nothing was to be accomplished by standing at the roadside, and I resumed my walk at a still more deliberate pace, frequently glancing over my shoulder whenever the uncertain light offered the opportunity.

I had kept this up for perhaps ten minutes when a curious flicker drew my eyes to a point behind me, but on the other side of the highway. Something moved among the shadows, and but for the peculiar direction of my gaze I would not have perceived it.

When we look directly at the Pleiades, we can count but six stars, but a careless glance shows the full seven. Had I been gazing at the point I would not have observed the odd flitting on the other side of the road.

Looking straight at the point I saw nothing. Nevertheless I knew that in that brief interval when my man slipped from sight he had darted across the road and had been following me ever since from the other side.

One of the most uncomfortable sensations imaginable is that of knowing that some one is stealthily following us at night. The temptation to break into a run or to dart to one side and hide becomes almost irresistible.

I have said that I carried no deadly weapon with me—nothing except my resistless strength—but in these modern days there are innumerable situations in which even so miraculous a gift is worthless. A tiny pistol bullet would be as fatal in my case as it would have been to the ancient Samson.

Still it was not to be supposed that the individual at my heels was seeking my life, and while keeping an eye to his actions, I continued moving toward the Englewood.

Suddenly I became aware that strangers were in front. Not one man, but three. Instead of following the path, as I was doing, they were in the middle of the highway. They were big, strapping fellows, tanned and ill clothed, and members of the pestilential class of vagrants known as tramps.

I increased my pace, intending to hurry past them, but the boldest rogue, who was a pace or two in front of his companions, turned to one side so as to place himself directly in front of me. I moved to the right, but he intruded himself again. Evidently he meant to hold me in check.

"Good evening, boss!" he said in a husky voice, at which his two companions paused in the middle of the road and watched him from under their slouched hats. They were ready to give help, but could not believe it necessary, for the scamp confronting me was a third greater in size and weight.

"Good evening. What do you wish?" "Which way might you be going?" "Can't you see for yourself?"

"Don't be impertinent, boss. We're working the growler and are in hard luck. Can't you give us a lift?"

"I might, for I have a good pile of money with me, but I don't like to use it for buying drink for other folks. It wouldn't be right."

"Be your innermost heart, we don't ask you to use it. It's us! Come, shell out!" And he advanced threateningly toward me.

"No; I shall not let you have a dollar, though I have plenty with me." "You won't, eh? Well, that's good." He made a plunge like a bull, half lowering his head, as if he meant to butt me. As he came within reach I grasped each of his upper arms and lifted him so quickly from his feet that they flew straight up, so that I held him about several times, as if he were a ball, and leaping toward the gaping miscreants in the road whipped them with the legs of my man so violently that both were swept off their feet and sent sprawling in the middle of the highway.

They were partly stunned, but began climbing up again. Before they were erect I resumed thrashing them with my human flail, driving one far to the right and the other to the left. Then with terrified exclamations they fled at headlong speed in the direction of Englewood.

Meanwhile the big fellow in my grasp was wriggling and making terri-



I flung him a dozen yards. He threats. Having no further use for him, I flung him a dozen yards among the trees and, with my hands on my hips, waited.

I heard him crashing through the limbs and leaves and finally fall to the ground with a resounding thump. Then all was still.

"I hope I haven't killed him, but he must have been jarred pretty badly."—No, he wasn't dead, for I heard him moving among the undergrowth. He came cautiously forward until I saw his dim outlines at the edge of the wood. There he paused and stared at me for a full minute before speaking. Then his tones were not only husky, but tremulous.

"I say, boss, is that you?" "Yes." "Kin—kin you tell me whether this is mo?"

"It's the tramp that tried to rob me of my money."

"I say, boss!" "Well?"

He seemed to rouse himself for the final effort and exclaimed: "Holy gee!"

At which he whirled about and dashed among the trees, as if fearful of more punishment for his offense.

Meanwhile the others had disappeared, and I saw nothing more of any of them.

The stone house which was my destination was somewhere in the vicinity, and I began a search for it. I recalled that the path was well marked from the highway, but the position of the moon in the sky threw that side of the road in shadow, and I could see nothing in the nature of a clew.

Not forgetting that shadowy pursuer I scanned the road to the westward, but he was not in sight.

Finally I struck a match and held it close to the ground. There the path was exactly in front of me. By the tiny flame I was able to follow it with my eye for a red or more. The house was barely 50 feet distant.

Neither eye nor ear could detect anything unusual, and I picked my way along the path, with just a trifle of misgiving, for he it known that that region is afflicted with venomous copperheads and the warm spring weather must have brought many of them from their winter quarters.

Only a part of the distance was passed, when a light twinkled among the trees. Some one was at the stone house.

"Discoe and Huke have become impatient, though I cannot be much behind time."

Somehow the knowledge that human beings were near at hand drove away all fear of the deadly reptiles. I moved more resolutely, and a minute later passed in front of the old stone structure, which stood in the middle of a small clearing.

Still it was prudent to make a reconnaissance before entering the building, which was to be the scene of an eventful meeting.

The thought had never come to me that the house was occupied. When observed on the previous Sunday, there were no signs of life about it, and Tom Discoe's references had not removed that impression.

But it was an error. Some one lived there, though the lower story consisted of but a single room, while a sleeping ladder led to the rooms above. I saw through the open door the scanty furniture, with a large table in the middle of the apartment, and upon it stood a goodly sized lamp, which shed a bright illumination through the interior.

But none of the three or four chairs was occupied. It looked as if the owner, after lighting the lamp, had departed and given over the place to the parties that had engaged it for the evening.

Perhaps I had mistaken the building, and yet that could hardly be.

While I stood in doubt and perplexity, hesitating whether to advance or wait for further developments, I caught the odor of tobacco smoke. It was not cigar that some one was smoking, but the weed was cheap, strong and rank.

Then a tiny glow showed in the doorway, and it was explained. The owner or occupant of the house was seated there smoking his clay pipe.

giving. I walked forward, and as the short, heavily built African rose to his feet to receive me I wondered how I had failed to see him from the first.

"Good evening," I called in return, going forward to where the lamplight fell full on me. He scrutinized me closely as I approached and was disappointed.

"Yo' ain't de gentleman dat I was lookin' fur, but I guess yo's de gentleman what was dismistered by deoder folks. Walk in, boss, and makes yo'self at home."

CHAPTER XIV.
A SURPRISE.

"When are you expecting?" I asked, walking forward.

"Boss Jones and Brown."

"These were not the individuals for whom I was looking, but the negro made it clear with his next words."

"Mr. Jones was out head dis mornin' and said as how him and Mr. Brown was comin' out head dis ebenin'; reckons yo' am dat gentleman."

"I think I am. Did they mention my name?"

"Dean' dismember. Won't yo' walk inside?"

He made a movement, but I checked him.

"The night is not too cool to stay outdoors."

"Don't I'll bring yo' a cheer," which he proceeded to do.

"Thanks." And I seated myself near him, while he resumed his place in the doorway. I lit a cigar, crossed my legs and leaned back at ease, intending to question him as to the past, for there was more than one curious phase about this business.

"What is your name?"

"Steph."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Bout ten years."

"Have you no family?"

"Not much; only Dine, my wife, and seven children."

"Eleven children? Where are they all, and where is your wife?"

"She and de chillen went to de circus dis ebenin'."

"Where is the circus?"

"Over at Hackusack, five or six miles off."

"When do you expect them home?"

"Waal, de circus order be ober 'bout 10 o'clock, and dey'll be so hungry dat dey'll hurry home, and order got here in free or four hours."

"Did Mr. Jones, when he called, arrange that your family were to be as away?"

"Whenever he comes head, dem am his 'rangements. He told me today dat it was to be de same. I related to him 'bout de circus. Dat was a special providence. I allers bites in such things—'Sh'!"

He straightened up with the quickness of an Indian scout. I had heard nothing, but the next moment the soft sound of approaching footsteps fell on my ear.

"Dat yo', Mr. Jones," asked Steph, rising to his feet and peering into the gloom.

There was no answer, but the man walked forward until the lamplight through the open door revealed his identity.

"Good evening. I am here ahead of you."

It was I who made this salutation, though I did not rise to my feet. Tom Discoe was looking for me, and, recognizing my voice, replied:

"I didn't believe you would come."

"Why not?"

"Cause I didn't think you had the sand. You're a big coward."

"You may find before this business is finished that I have as much courage as you."

"We'll see. Steph, I want to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir."

Without apologizing to me, he led the negro off in the darkness beyond earshot. I could hear the mumble of their voices, but was unable to catch a word of what passed between them.

Since Discoe came back alone, the explanation of the incident was simple. Steph had been placed on guard to give warning of the approach of strangers. Evidently Mr. Discoe did not mean to neglect my precaution.

He speedily returned to where I sat in the chair smoking. He remained standing, halting directly in front of me.

"Did you bring the money with you?"

"Didn't I say I would? Isn't that answer enough?"

"I won't believe it till I see it."

It was clear that Discoe was in one of his ugliest moods. He had not forgiven me for deferring this payment until the present. I had bluffed him at Englewood, and it rankled in his memory. It was natural that he should not expect to meet me here at night; that I had done so was proof I was scared into the step.

It would be strange if I came that far with \$10,000, but still stranger that, knowing his desperate character, I should have ventured to make the journey without the money. He was not the man to stand trifling.

I studied the scoundrel. His face had a look so malevolent that I was convinced he meant to assault me after I should turn over the money. He seemed to hold an inextinguishable hatred of me.

"Come into the house."

The command could not have been gruffer had it been addressed to Steph. It angered me; but, secure in my position, I rose, and, carrying the chair in one hand, went inside and sat down by the table.

He took his position on the other side, with the bright lamp between us.

"Now let me see that money."

I withdrew the large pocketbook from under my arm, opened and held it up so that he could observe the crisp \$1,000 bills.

"Do you note them? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—an even \$10,000," I said, sliding them one after the other as he twined my thumb and forefinger, so that all passed in review before his eyes.

His evil eyes took on a new glitter.

"Are you satisfied?" I asked, uncon-

vincedly.

He did, with the deliberation of a wounded tiger. Then he tried to twist and interlock his legs with my own. I suffered him to do so. His knotted muscles were like ivory, and it seemed as if he could wrench an oak from its roots.

"While you are amusing yourself in that way I'll attend to business."

Thrusting my free hand into the rear pocket of my coat, I drew out a brace of handcuffs.

"I think these will look well on you. So be a good boy and submit to what you can't help."

I have often wondered what thought surged through the scoundrel's head, when, catching his two wrists in one hand, I held them immovably while I snapped the steel bracelets in place. I did it deliberately, as does one who is sure of his ground. He struggled with the madness of desperation and was still struggling when from the same pocket I pulled out a new and powerful revolver.

"This, Thomas, are for your ankles. It won't do any good to kick."

He tried it, but, throwing him on his back with a force that made every window rattle, I wrenched the rope around his legs several times and tied it.

"The cord isn't very strong," I said, holding a piece of it at arm's length and easily snapping it by a twitch of my two hands. "But it will hold you."

At this juncture it seemed to occur to my prisoner that it would be a good

thing to have Jake Huke present. Accordingly, he emitted a yell, which might have been heard a half mile off in the stillness of the night.

CHAPTER XV.
"UP WITH YOUR HANDS!"

Among the numerous sailboats moving over the rippling surface of the Hudson, opposite the upper part of the city of New York, on that pleasant evening in May, was a rooney craft containing three persons. One was the master, while the others were a heavily armed United States marshal and his deputy.

They cruised for a time, seemingly with no object except the pleasure of sailing, but as the afternoon drew to a close and night settled over the river they approached the Jersey shore and ran in where the water was deep enough to permit them to touch land without availing themselves of the rickety Port Lee dock.

"Whew!" marked Marshal Welling, glancing at the towering Palisades. "That's going to be a stiff climb."

"You're sure there's a path, captain?" was the inquiring remark of Deputy Barton.

"Yes. It's easy enough when you're used to it."

"But the decoy of it is to get used to it. I never did fancy climbing mountains."

"The Palisades are more'n twice as high a little farther up stream."

"Well, you needn't take us there. This will do."

Captain Green lowered his sail and made his boat fast.

"Do you want me to go with you?"

"No. You're to wait here against our return. We expect to have company."

"The boat will carry all you'll bring."

"But you're to show us the path."

The captain led the way a short distance up stream and paused.

"There you are. Just keep at it until you reach the top."

"The sooner begun, the sooner done," remarked the marshal, starting to clamber up the slope, which was like the roof of a house.

It was a tremendous task. The dirt crumbled and rattled under their feet. They stumbled and fell, advancing sometimes on their hands and knees, fre-

quently pausing to gain breath, peering upward and wondering how many more miles remained to climb. But they kept at it until they reached the level ground, perspiring and in such a state of collapse that they sat down and did not utter a word for 16 minutes.

"If we had run right against them coming down," observed the leading officer, when he had finally recovered, "I would have taken off my hat and said, 'Gentlemen, we're yours to command.'"

"How do you feel now?"

"Fully rested and hungry. Come on."

It was like recuperation to walk on level ground, and after a time they do-bounced into the highway at the point where Palisade avenue ends on the bluffs of the Hudson.

"Come gave us a diagram, drawn so well that we cannot go astray. I've got it so fixed in my mind that there's no need of consulting it."

"And the stone house is on the left as we go toward Englewood?"

"Yes. Not quite half a mile back, right in front of where we are to turn in, is an oak, with a gnarled branch about 20 feet from the ground. Come made a sketch of it, so I shall recognize the limb the moment my eyes rests on it."

"That's all well enough, but Discoe and Huke will have some one on the watch. Pity it isn't darker night."

"If it was we should never find the right spot."

Having settled upon the correct course, the two began walking in the direction of Englewood. It was after 9 o'clock, and without knowing the right hour at which to make the intended arrest, they had accidentally hit upon the best that could have been selected.

Both of the men had had experience in dealing with criminals, and both, therefore, knew it was indispensable that whatever they did should be in the nature of a surprise. If the desperadoes suspected what was on foot, the whole scheme must come to naught.

This will explain what occurred within the following few minutes.

The two walked beside each other in the middle of the road, as the three tramps had done a short time before. In the bright but uncertain moonlight they were looking sharply for the oak with the gnarled limb.

Some minutes later the marshal whis-

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Youthful Forger.
Augusta, Me., June 14.—George Lashus, of Waterville, a 13-year-old French boy, has been committed to the Kennebec jail to await a charge of forgery at the September term of court. Lashus forged the name of the grandfather, Levi Lashus, to a promissory check for \$25, with the names of two witnesses. He received the check at the Waterville postoffice addressed to his grandfather. He got it cashed and was about to leave for Canada. He is a bright appearing boy but from past thefts seems to have a penchant for stealing.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

Massachusetts legislature prorogued at 12:47 a. m.—First test vote on sugar schedule results in adoption of Republican caucus amendment.—Attempt to kill Governor of National Soldiers' Home in Leavenworth, Kan., with dynamite.—Excitement in Marlboro, Mass., over employment of non-residents in building a street railway.—New York City men celebrate the Festival of the Dragon Boat.—Four Gloucester (Mass.) fishermen have a narrow escape.—Log boom breaks at Guild Hall Falls, N. H.—Bald, Cooper and Titus ride in the bicycle races at Warsaw, N. Y.—Opening of the spring golf meeting at the Country Club.—Philadelphia cricket team scores 259 runs in its match at Manchester, Eng.—General Stewart L. Woodford to be offered the position of minister to Spain.—Close of the hotel men's convention in Boston.—President McKinley visits the Tennessee exposition, and makes a speech.—Notary public of Providence accused of making false certificates on pension claims.—Local usgrist use of vestments.—Congressional resignation at meeting of council of Reformed Episcopal Church.—Harold D. Gilbert of Newton, Mass., lost in Connecticut river near Norwich, Vt.—Torpedo boat Porter put through her maneuvering paces.—President of East Maine Conference Seminary resigns.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13.

Armistice between Greece and Turkey broken.—Loss of the schooner Orcutt's crew on Cape Cod alleged to have been due to cowardice of the life savers.—Duke of Devonshire addresses colonial preachers in London.—William J. Bryan arrives in New York, but has little to say.—Report in Havana that General Rivera is to be shot at once.—Senate Republican caucus arrived at no conclusion respecting the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty.—Fund to be raised for Mark Twain.—Cases of glanders in Lyon, Mass.—Five horses condemned and four placed in quarantine.—New England, again wins the championship of the National International Scholastic Athletic association.—Two Holyoke, Mass., men drowned in the Connecticut while trying to save lumber.—Essex County Interscholastic Athletic association holds its annual games.—Annual out-of-door Shakespearean play at Wellesley college.—Laborers threaten the life of the mayor of Somersworth, N. H.—Young woman robbed of \$125 on Washington street, Boston.—Practically no progress on the sugar schedule in the senate Saturday.—Strike of the iron millers, General Electric company's river works, Lynn, Mass., declared off.—Attempt to assault a 15-year-old girl in the town of Harvard, Mass.

MONDAY, JUNE 14.

Attempt to assassinate President Faure of France.—Punishment of Italy's murderers to be demanded; Spain getting her navy in shape; Mexico expected from President McKinley.—Treaty of annexation of Hawaii being drafted.—Report of the arrest of Stanley, the Chelyenne brave, for the murder of Settler Hoover received at Washington.—Old man found dead near West's Mills, Me., with several bruises on his body.—Prominent Alston (Mass.) druggist and a dressmaker missing.—Portland, Me., who attempted to corner whalebone market, located in Thurston.—American opposition in Thailand business not feared in Glasgow.—Buildings unscathed by terrible wind and hail storm at Caldwell, O.—Notable display of Fall River's (Mass.) textiles and other products for the private American visitors.—Cause of Private Foster's death at Massachusetts state camp shrouded in mystery.—Bob Cook, Yale's coach, enthusiastic over advantages of country about the Thames for training.—Treasury having smooth sailing at present.—Movement to reform the seating arrangements of the house of representatives, Boston.—William J. Bryan and Arthur Sewall dine with Chairman Jones at Washington.—Four-thousand-mile tour to be made by the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry bicycle corps.—Seventeenth exhibition of the American Institute to take place in September.—Concession to navigate Lake Nicaragua acquired by the Atlas Steamship company.—Grand Prix de Peace, chief event of French racing year, won by Doge.—Fremont's memorial day observed in Boston and many other places.—Majority report charges "boodling" in Kansas legislature.—Passenger arriving at New York dies of yellow fever.—Golden jubilee of St. George's church, Extonville, Mass.—Corinthian lodge of Masons of Concord, Mass., to celebrate its centennial Wednesday.—Many reformers being made in postal matters.—Swampscott fishing schooner wrecked on Harding's ledge, Mass.; crew saved.—Daring attempted highway robbery in Cranston, R. I.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15.

Mulvey and Finerman sentenced for obtaining money from city of Boston by false pretenses.—Arrival at Boston of the foreign members of the advisory board of the Philadelphia museum.—Barney Barnard, the South African diamond king, committed suicide at Vt.—Vigorous protest by Burlington (Vt.) citizens against proposed \$2 tariff on white pine.—Ellis Island (N. Y.) immigrant station destroyed by fire.—Higgins' breeding stables and valuable horses burned in Missoula, Mont.—New York police stop three glove fights and arrest the principals.—Boston seamen strike for higher wages.—Standard oil certificates make a new high record.—St. Paul road cuts the round trip rate to New York.—Senator Hear defends the character of the people and of the senate against the aspirations of Mr. Tillman.—President will send a Hawaiian ambassador to the senate as soon as the tariff is passed.—President's party visits Baltimore, George Vanderbilt's palace in North Carolina, and resumes the journey to Washington.—William J. Bryan refused to take part in Knights of Labor demonstration in New York.—Masonic meeting in London in commemoration of the queen's jubilee.—Cruiser Brooklyn arrives at Southampton.—Ratifications of arbitration treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela exchanged.—No places in the army for the graduates from West Point, N. Y.—Large increase of new applications for war pensions.—Boston Press Cycling Club foreman will ride as representative of A. W. W.—Mrs. Mary (Dean) Chick of Norwood, Mass., observes the 150th anniversary of her birth.—Annual reclassification of her priest.—Postmasters.—Lieutenant Commander McLean to succeed Commander Finigan at Newport naval station.—First brigade, New Hampshire National Guard, begins its annual drill.—Trial begins at once.—Officers delayed by charges against a juror.—Warrants out for arrest of several members of Fall River (Mass.) city government.—Fardon released.—Murderer Kipke of Hartford.—Ordination of members of the senior class of Tufts divinity school.—Gang of Italian shoplifters captured in New Haven and \$2000 worth of plunder recovered.—Iron furnaces and mills at Pittsburgh starting up again.—Cooper boats held in a mile bicycle race at Rochester.—Republican senators caucus again on hard places in the new tariff sugar schedule.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.

Latin-American delegates banqueted by the city of Boston at the Algonquin clubhouse.—Administration plans the annexation of Hawaii.—Wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson, at Webster, N. H., a notable affair.—Manager of Westfield, Mass., telephone exchange missing and accounts short.—Senate disposes of sugar for the present and resumes consideration of the national tariff schedule.—Alison and Platt disturbed over the tariff situation.—Stock exchange governors to cut off improved subscribers to quotation grades.—Treasury department officials.—A Cleveland woman claims to be the daughter of Barnato, the diamond king.—Dr. James H. Angell accepted by the Fulham as United States minister to Turkey.—East Boston citizens want a new library building.—Trial of newspaper correspondent Shriver for contempt of the senate commenced.—Mystery surrounding death of Memorial services, under auspices of National league, in honor late ex-Governor Russell at Boston.—Opening of the women's championship tennis tournament at Philadelphia.—T. P. Conneliff, the runner, returns to Boston from abroad.—Death of Thomas L. Maguire, a well known carman.—Bald wins two mile bicycle races at Elmira, N. Y.—South American commercial delegates opened from the new tariff.—Elevator man falls from the 10th floor of the new Hotel Touraine at Boston.—Annual meeting of Massachusetts Army Nurses' association at Boston.—"Tom" Barnaugh, a professional fisher by the L. A. V. fishing board.—Supreme court decides against appointments made by Mayor Courtney of Lowell, Mass.—Charlestown's carnival preparations.—Charlestown's (Mass.) carnival preparations completed.—Council for Mulvey and Finerman will probably test constitutionality of statute relating to stay of execution of sentence at Boston.—Mablin (Mass.) aldermen, for first time in several years, vote to grant sixth class liquor licenses to druggists.—President's Cuban policy delayed by failure to find the right man for Spanish mission.—Student who painted pedestal of statue of John Harvard expresses sorrow for the act.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17.

The Hawaiian annexation treaty signed, sent to the senate, and referred to foreign relations committee.—General Stewart L. Woodford of Brooklyn appointed minister to Spain.—Bunker Hill celebrated in Charlestown, Mass.—Senate disposes of 13 pages of the tariff schedule.—A large field of candidates for office of immigration commissioner in Boston.—Cornell crew arrives at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Opposition to plan of Socialists to Eugene Debs' campaign scheme.—Montreal broker claims to be brother of deceased millionaire.—Larney Barnato.—William Sidney of Greenwich, Conn., arrested on charge of murder at General P. A. Collins' house of honor at Boston.—Surviving members of Massachusetts senate of 1850.—Dedication of Moody Memorial chapel in Fairfield, Me.—Directors of Milk Producers' union and Portland (Me.) board of health come to an agreement.—Fighting tribes to burn a church filled with people in Portland, Me.—Great damage by the recent earthquake in India.—A 75-year-old French general fights a duel with swords.—Desperate battle in the Philippine islands.—Another bomb explosion in Paris.—Report of medical examiner on death of man found dead in militia camp in Framingham, Mass., says death was due to alcohol.—Sarah A. Dixon ordained to the ministry and installed in Tyngsboro, Mass.—Float day at Wellesley college.—Man shot by a burglar in Enosburg Falls, Vt.—Liquor expert kills himself in Blue Hill, Me.—Important liquor law decision by Maine supreme court.—Governor Ramsdell reviews New Hampshire National Guard.—Another crisis in the affairs of the Massachusetts General Life association.—Maine Sons of Veterans in annual convention.—Honorary degree of LL. D. conferred on ex-President Cleveland by Princeton university.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18.

Michael defeats McDuffie in the 15-mile bicycle race at Cambridge, Mass.—Secretary Sherman's opposition to the administration's foreign policy likely to cause his retirement from the cabinet.—Frank Howard sent to the state prison for life for murderously assaulting and robbing old Dr. Morris; his accomplice given not less than 15 nor more than 25 years.—Ex-Secretary Foster succeeds in his mission regarding the seal protection.—Senate disposes of the liquor and cotton schedules of the tariff bill.—All Republican differences on the tariff to be settled in caucus.—Signature to alleged Davis will at San Francisco pronounced a forgery.—Pan-American visit Providence and witness the opening of the industrial exhibition.—Reunion of the Boothby (Me.) association in Wakefield.—Last full day of annual encampment of the New Hampshire national guard.—Man shot and killed by a woman and her brother in Texas.—Dedication of the Bourne (Mass.) memorial library.—Tom Burke loses record at Newton, Mass.—600-yard boat club won five of the seven boat races on the Charles river at Boston.—Secretary Long inspects the Charlestown navy yard.—S. W. Thurston of Lowell, Mass., dies of injuries sustained by being thrown from his bicycle.—New York merchants organize and will attempt to draw trade to that city.—General Woodford will go to Spain at once; Cubans ask this government to save the lives of two officers.—Big tailors' strike in New York ended.—Porte said to have decided to accept the decision of the powers.—Queen Victoria's sight is not affected.—Adele Republicans in Delaware find fault with the national administration.

S. of V. Encampment Ended.

Waterville, Me., June 18.—The Sons of Veterans encampment concluded yesterday by the election of officers, as follows: Division commander, Arthur M. Stule of Portland; senior vice commander, Rev. George E. Leighton of Skowhegan; junior vice commander, E. E. Kirk of Bangor; delegates to the convention in chief, W. S. Leoney of Portland, G. W. Gragg of Bath, R. A. Cone of Augusta, J. C. Colby of Waterville; division council, L. L. Cooper of Augusta, F. E. Hooper of Bath, Charles E. Merrill of Auburn.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all forms of adulteration. It is the only pure and safe baking powder.

PORTSMOUTH.

The regular monthly session of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held in the Town Hall on Monday, when the following business was transacted:

Probate Matters.—The first and final account of Mary E. Gifford, as administratrix on the estate of Elizabeth Gifford, deceased, was allowed and ordered recorded.

The first and final account of Edward R. Anthony, as executor of the last will and testament of James G. Keith, deceased, was allowed and ordered recorded. The account showing a balance of \$300 due the estate, and the executor was ordered to place and sum in the hands of the Court of Probate to be deposited in the Savings Bank of Newport, for Miss Jennie M. Sherman, being the amount of a legacy left to her in the will.

Council Matters.—A petition was received from the residents of Child's lane, asking for an appropriation of \$200 for additional repairs to Lower lane, so called. The petition was referred to the surveyor of highways for district No. 3.

George Wyatt was licensed to sell fire works from this date until July 6, 1897.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK. OUR GUARANTEE.

Close Inspection

of quality and prices on Clothing, Hats, Caps and Men's Furnishings.

will convince you that we give more for the money than anybody else in town. We're showing the latest styles of Men's Business and Dress Suits, at \$10, \$12 and \$15. Buts that fit and give satisfaction.

Model Clothing Co.,

192 & 194 THAMES ST.

Dr. William T. Lusk, president of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, died suddenly in New York last Sunday of cerebral apoplexy.

"I hear that they have read Smithers out of the Populist party."

"Indeed? What was the trouble?"

"He said that he was not prepared to believe that all men who had more money than he possessed were hopelessly and forever damned."

New Advertisements.

SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI

IN THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Annual Meeting of the Cincinnati Society, instituted in 1875, will be held, pursuant to law, in the Senate Chamber of the State House, Newport, R. I., on MONDAY, July 6, 1897, at 11:30 o'clock a. m., for the election of officers and transaction of other business.

All members of the Society of the Cincinnati are invited to attend.

The public commemorative celebration of the 121st Anniversary of American Independence will consist of a special church service to be held in Trinity Church, Newport, on the afternoon of Sunday, July 4, 1897, and Commemorative addresses and other exercises in Representative Hall, State House, Newport, on MONDAY, July 6, at 3 o'clock p. m., to which the public are invited.

The annual dinner of the State Society will take place in Newport on the evening of July 5, 1897.

By order of the Standing Committee: ASA HILD GARDNER, Secretary.

Island Savings Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 16, 1897.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the corporation of the Island Savings Bank, held at the rate of 4 per cent on all deposits on and after Wednesday, July 15, 1897.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Secretary.

Island Savings Bank.

4TH DIVIDEND.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 16, 1897.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of 4 per cent on all deposits on and after Wednesday, July 15, 1897.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Secretary.

LAST CALL!

We have a very few copies left of

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLDEN TIMES

—OF—

by the late

THOMAS R. HAZARD (Shepherd Tom),

containing a history of the

Robinson, Hazard & Sweet

FAMILIES.

This rare work is now out of print and not over twenty-five copies remain in the publisher's hands. It will not be re-printed.

If you wish a copy of the best work of the kind, send in your order at once.

Price, three dollars. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of the price.

Address: MERCURY PUBLISHING CO., Newport, R. I.

WHEELS!

Have you any use for one? We are selling them cheap for

CASH.

PRICES ON SUNDRIES AWAY DOWN.

SADDLES, from \$4.75 up.

ALL kinds.

TOE CLIPS, 10c.

OIL, 6c.

TROUSERS' GUARDS, 3c.

GRAPHITE, 5c.

Call and see our NEWS-STAND. All the latest literature free.

BAILEY & CO.,

Machinists.

17 Mill Street.

Repairing and Repainting.

DO YOU KNOW

That a Typewriter will save you time, make you money and please your correspondents? Towser's NEW FRANKLIN Typewriter, price \$75.00, is a first class Typewriter at a reasonable price. It is the simplest, lightest running, easiest, fastest and the most durable Typewriter made. On the majority of other high grade machines the carriage has to be lifted before the work can be seen. On the New Franklin the work is in sight from the time the first letter is written until the paper is removed from the typewriter.

We will place a machine in your office and if you find you cannot use it to excellent advantage, the trial ends you nothing. For illustrated catalogue and full particulars write to

CUTTER TOWER CO.,

Established, 1845.

12 A Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

We, THE GEO. A. WEAVER CO., are the Agricultural Emporium of Newport and we endeavor to represent that line of trade. Therefore, we carry an assortment of goods that the farmer wants and can safely buy. For having tools we have a large assortment of Mowers, Rakes and Tedders. Our line of Mowers consists of the Woods, Buckeye, Eureka and Deering. Up to this date we have sold and delivered nine (9) of the celebrated Steel Tubular Woods, and this before anyone is ready to use them. This speaks a word for the quality of the Woods and its standard in the community, where there were fifteen (15) sold in '96. The Eureka is the mower of all for hay making. It cuts 7 feet wide and leaves the hay standing to air out, so that it dries in half the time required by all other mowers that lay the grass flat on the wet ground.

Kicking tedders have had their day. Yet they will sell for a time until the farmer finds that there is one that surpasses it—and that one is the Woods. It revolves its forks and folds them after doing the work, runs easier than other makes, lasts longer, spreads the hay to dries not to lumps. Now there are rakes of many makes. We have some of all kinds, some like those that others sell which we are glad to hold for \$18, the imitation of the N. Y. Champion, for \$16. But a true N. Y. Champion is worth what we ask for it if compared with imitations. The true Tiger is a fine rake. To know how to distinguish it from imitations, look to the frame. The true Tiger is of steel, the one piece gear on the axle is pinned on, it has steel runner teeth and adjustable arms of steel.

This line of tools gives the buyer the best there is on the market. Our prices are right.

The Russian Cream Separator is the best. We say it; we mean it. It proves all we claim for it, put on the farm for 30 days' trial.

Paris Green at wholesale prices. Panzoid will save blight on your potatoes. Sugar Shot for your vines, and fruit trees can be sprayed with the Leggett gun.

Paris for all farm implements, at

15, 21, 23 Broadway,

Newport, R. I.

A. A. BARKER,

162 & 164

BROADWAY.

NEWPORT, June 30.

WEDNESDAY.

This is conclusive to the public from absolutely accurate personal knowledge; I can and do most positively assure you that the Great Adams Express and the First Class Exhibition of the World that each of us has seen in New England this year.

JAMES A. BAILLY, sole owner of the Harrow & Bailly's Greatest Show on Earth.

THE ONLY EXHIBITION OF HEROIC SIZE AND FAME.

Based on Millions.

True Moral.

Glorious.

2 Biggest Menageries.

2 Biggest Circuses.

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